

For the Liberty Bell. NOV. 1847  
My Country, by Mrs Lucy B. Lewis of Waltham

Oh bright are the sunbeams that glance  
Over the plains of the land of my birth,  
And joyous the streams as they dance,  
In the freedom of music and mirth;  
And fresh are the roses that gleam  
Mid the wilds of my dear native home,  
Like the fragrance of some blissful dream,  
That over the lone spirit hath come.

And sweet are the voices that breath  
From the harp of Columbia's hills,  
When springtime her garland doth weave,  
And the forest with melody thrills;  
And soft, over the silvery wave,  
Comes the beam of the starlight of even,  
Like the hope in the heart of the brave,  
Or the rest to the weary one given.

I love thee, My Country! for here  
I have tasted the gladness of life;  
I have drunk of that fountain so clear,  
That with hope and affection is rife.  
I love thee; for here I have wept  
Over the graves where the cherished ones sleep,  
And oft my lone vigils have kept  
In the stillings of midnight so deep.

I love thee; for here I have dreamed  
The glad visions of infantile years,  
Ere yet on my spirit had streamed  
The knowledge of sadness and tears.  
I love thee; for oft the sweet chime  
Told of halcyon hours as they fled,  
Like the music of some fairy clime,  
Over the slumber of innocence shed.



I love thee; and would that no stain  
On thy star-spangled banner could rest;  
Oh! would that over valley and plain  
It floated alone over the blest.

But though proudly it streams in the gale,  
It is red with thy children's own blood,  
And each flap of its flag bears the wail  
Of the captive over mountain and flood.

Must we blush for America's shame,  
Thou proud boasting home of the brave?  
Must the glory that rests on thy name  
Be linked with the chains of the slave?  
Must each breeze that sweeps over the sea  
Bring the voices of triumph from far,  
From the glad isles that deck it, to thee  
At the setting of liberty's star?

Oh rouse from thy slumber, while yet  
There is rest to the penitent given,  
Ere the signal of mercy hath set  
From thy gaze in the broad sparkling heaven;  
Ere the thunders of vengeance are hurled  
At thy trembling and shelterless head,  
Ere the banner of peace shall be furled,  
Or thy last ray of promise hath fled.

Shake off from thy garments the stain  
That hath tarnished their brightness so long;  
Let the clanking of slavery's chain  
Blend no longer with freedom's glad song;  
But on let the jubilee sound  
Reechoing wide to the sea,  
"Columbia her sons hath unbound,  
Her children, her children are free."



Till then thy proud banner I'd tear  
From its standard that floats to the sky,  
For falsehood & crime and despair  
Are the record it carries on high.  
It is wet with the life blood and tears  
That on mammon's dark shrine have been shed;  
With the anguish of long bitter years  
From which mirth and gladness have fled.

Then gather its folds, though they stream  
Like the beacon of hope over the land,  
For false is its ray, like the beam  
Of the fount in the desert's lone sand.  
But plant in each bosom that heaves,  
The standard of love and of peace,  
And, wherever humanity breathes,  
Let oppression and tyranny cease.

Then, then, thou no token shalt need  
To herald thy glory afar;  
It shall echo around with the speed  
With which light travels forth from a star.  
Thou shalt be like the new Zion, drest  
In garments of righteousness pure,  
A home where the weary may rest,  
In the light of God's favour secure.

\* The Mirage

Waltham, November 21st, 1847

Mrs. Chapman. Dear Madam.

I see by the Liberator that  
you are in want of matter for the Liberty Bell; & not  
knowing whether you have found the poetry of my wife's  
which I sent you last year, & which you so much  
regretted having mislaid, I here send you another copy  
of the same. If you have already found & inserted the  
other copy, I shall merely lose my labour of sending this.  
Yours for freedom, F. W. Lewis





PAID

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1847

